



B. F. DARRELL.

Who died at his home at 3025 State street, Thursday morning, March 27, 1919.

## IN MEMORIAM

In Loving Memory of our dear Mother who died one year ago March 7, 1918.

In a cold and silent grave yard where the trees and branches wave, lies a kind and loving Mother in a wet and silent grave; and so dawn one year in our lonely thinking thoughts of Heaven are always near. Her lonely children, Mrs. Lena Adams, Willie Arthur and Eugene Cole.

## CARD OF THANKS

We take this method of thanking our neighbors and friends for their kindness and valuable service during the illness and death of our dear husband, Mr. W. Brackens who departed this life March 19, 1919. Sympathetically, yours MRS. W. BRACKENS.

## RESOLUTION OF RESPECT TO MR. W. BRACKENS.

Whereas God in his mighty power in the silent watch of the still evening of March 19th, gave orders to flying powers of death to go to Dallas and summon from earth our beloved friend, Willie Brackens. Be it resolved that we his friends and relatives bow in humble submission to him who doeth all things well.

Be it further resolved that he was a son, husband and brother such as we were proud of, though his mortal remains are resting here, we are proud of the record he leaves behind. Though our hearts are filled with grief because of the death of our beloved friend.

Be it further resolved that we the members and friends of the Lutheran Church, A. E. Church, extend to the beloved family, in this their hour of grief and sorrow, our sincere sympathy.

Sleep on our Mr. Brackens, sleep on. We hope you are taking your rest; and on yonder shining portals watch for us. You are the one to break our intimate family chain out of a family of seven, but one by one we are coming. We feel loathe to part with you, but when we think of some distant day the death angel that summoned you will lead us, and we hope to meet you in that hall of glory where all will be joy and the ties of love will never be severed. When we think of the glorious future when we are to meet again, we will not wish you back, but shall ever look forward to the day when we hope to shake hands with you on that Celestial shore.

Be it further resolved, that we will forever miss you. Fare well dear one fare well. MRS. MINNIE ROBINSON

## IN MEMORY OF THE DECEASED WILLIS BRACKENS COMPOSED BY JESSIE LEE HOOKS.

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud like a swift flying meteor a flash of light, a brake of the lightning a dash of the wave—man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

We loved you Willis, but God loved you more. So he called you to his beautiful shore. We will be there soon, oh late and we hope to meet you at the beautiful gate to Paradise. We realize you never told us of your soul, but the God of today is the God of old, and we believe if you sincerely asked within your breast, that He willingly took you to His Haven of rest.

You did some wrongs, you did some right, but no man's perfect in God's eyesight. We loved you but God says come home and take some rest on his beautiful throne.

We wish we could ask: How was it between you and your God? We did you answer, it was a narrow way between you and the God, but Jesus took me in.

While we say goodbye to you for only a few days, and then we will realize we'll be on our way to a world unknown.

Remember kind friends as you pass by that a—sailed in born to die. As we are he was, at his he is, we will be. And let remember death is the gate to an endless joy, even though we dread to enter there.

## A DALLAS WOMAN DIES IN COLORADO.

Mrs. Precilla Williams, who was born and reared in Dallas died at Denver, Colo. March 12. She was a sister to L. B. Fugate and Mrs. J. M. Alexander and a relative of Prior and Boswell families of this city.

She has lived in Denver for 13 years. Mrs. Alexander attended the funeral which was held in the city of Denver.

Sergeant C. Turner of Marshall is in the city for a few days on route home. Sergeant Turner is among the boys discharged from Camp Bowie recently. His regiment was a part of the 92nd Division.

Mrs. S. H. Jackson, 711 South Gray street, is in the Dallas Express this week, and says, "she cannot do without it. It is practically lost when it fails to appear."

Get some more in the World's Wonder Oil and Gas Company and run your motor, with or see R. H. Jenkins, P. O. Box 78, phone Lamar 4794.

## PROF. B. F. DARRELL, PRINCIPAL OF DALLAS HIGH SCHOOL, DIES AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS. FUNERAL AT BETHEL A. M. E. CHURCH, SUNDAY EVENING 8 O'CLOCK.

At an early hour Tuesday morning, Prof. Benj. F. Darrell, principal of Dallas Colored High School breathed his last at the family home, 3025 State street, after a brief illness.

The news of his death was a shock to the entire city as his illness was unknown to many.

He was born in Winchester, Tennessee, about 48 years ago and has been in Texas more than twenty years.

He has taught continuously in the schools of Dallas for twenty years and ranked high among his fellow teachers and possessed a keen and magic touch in all problems vital to the interest of the student; these are some of the elements gained for him the exalted position he held at the time of his death.

He liked three months of finishing his second term, but was spared to gaze upon the fruits of his efforts during the mid-season term in February.

Prof. Darrell was well liked by all who knew him, being a quiet and sober Christian gentleman.

He was a member of Manton Lodge No. 282 K. of P. and the Moslems.

The funeral will be preached at Bethel A. M. E. church tomorrow evening at 2 o'clock by the Rev. H. G. Carr.

Models from twelve different states and four foreign countries at St. Paul M. E. church, corner of Burford and Juliett streets, under the auspices of Miss (Carrie) Worthington Watch for date.



REV. W. C. BARNES.

Dallas, Texas, March 27, 1919.

Mr. Editor, Sir:— Please hear me again. Jesus said "Every tree would be known by its fruit," so we will be known by our works. Sunday was a nice day with us on St. George street with the Bethesda Baptist Church. Those people are few in number but mighty in works. Jesus did not say you would be known by our numbers, but he said we would be known by our works, so down with just numbers and for every good cause, let every body get busy.

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W. C. BARNES, Moderator of Zion Rest M. E. Association.

Old Bells Will Ring for Peace.

The six old bells of Westminster abbey are being restored and augmented to take part in the celebrations that will follow the signing of peace. The old bells are great historic interest. All except the twelve bells cast at the Whitechapel bell foundry, the tenor, weighing 14 tons, in 1758, the fifth in 1593, the fourth and second in 1443, and the third in 1583. The twelve bells cast probably at the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century, and must therefore have rung out to celebrate the great victory over the Spanish armada in 1588. Whitechapel foundry, which has been working continuously since 1570, has been entrusted with the restoration work and the casting of the new bells. The connection of the old firm with the abbey, after nearly 350 years, is thus being continued.

Important Army Officer.

The adjutant general of the United States army is an officer who keeps the records, orders and correspondence of the army. He serves under the direction of the secretary of war and of the chief of staff. Through him and over his name instructions and regulations of the war department are sent forward to military officers and troops. He is secretary and archivist to the secretary of war.

## ST. ARIA MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

Dallas, Texas, March 27, 1919.

Editor Dallas Express.

A few words about the Mt. Aria Missionary Baptist church and her friends of Kaufman, Texas. We had his services in spite the rain and wind. We had three joiners. Col.

We are raising from two to three hundred dollars each Sunday we are here.

Currents are driving nails each

## NEW DAY AT HAND

World Sees the Dawn of Universal Democracy.

With the Downfall of the Turk and the Hun Santa Sophia Will Be Restored as a Christian Temple.

Among the happy rejoicings of these victory days we are inexpressibly glad that the war did not end until the unspeakable Turk was started down the toboggan of defeat toward the bottomless pit, writes Dr. Charles Edward Locke. It is a mighty triumph for democracy. With Jerusalem and Damascus in the hands of the Christians, and with Constantinople no longer desecrated as the capital of a filthy Mohammedanism, the foul Turk is now getting his long-delayed deserts. Constantinople was named for a zealous Christian prince. It was made the imposing headquarters of the Greek church, and a mighty temple was built in the year 537 by Justinian which is so stately and gorgeous that this proud builder on the dedication day exclaimed: "O Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

But in 1453 the city was captured by the sacrilegious and infidel Saracens, and for 455 years it has been the center of Moslem worship and propaganda. It is beautifully situated on the western slopes of the Bosphorus, and looks out upon the picturesque Marmara. Justinian's minaret tower was transformed into a Moslem mosque. All the altars and crosses and frescoes and mosaics of Christianity were ruthlessly removed, and for nearly five centuries, instead of the worship of the most high God resounding beneath a wonderful dome which Michael Angelo said was like a part of the heavens brought down to earth, it has been the scene of Mohammedan mummeries and semi-pagan idolatry.

With the victories of this war, no doubt magnificent Santa Sophia will be restored, and once again the praises of Christ will resound through its sanctuaries and cloisters; and the marvelous fresco of Jesus and his disciples in the high dome, which for centuries has been concealed behind the incrustations of a detestable Mohammedanism, will once again utter its inspiring and artistic messages to reverent Christian worshippers. The overthrow of the Turk is not only a triumph of democracy, but it is likewise a mighty victory for the truth and justice which are interpreted to the world by the gospel of the Son of God and the Son of Man, Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Until the savage Prussian Hun appeared the Turk had conferred upon him the ignominy of being the most brutal degenerate of all human history. A religion of lust, re-enforced by the bloody scimitar, the Turk cut his way through human bodies to an ignominious place of power in Europe and Asia and his murderous hate venting itself on the defenseless Christians, and especially upon the innocent Armenians.

With the collapse of the Turkish government, "the Dardanelles will become a highway for the commerce of the free nations of the world, in place of a waterway held by pirates," the Balkan terror comes to an end, and the ignominious crescent fades out of sight before the increasing effulgence of the blazing cross of the Christ of truth and freedom.

The years have waited long for the tremendous historic events which are now being enacted in bewildering succession. It was only yesterday that there were four powerful autocracies that seemed so entrenched in opulence and might that the centuries would not overthrow; but today, Russia, Austria, Turkey, and Germany, have all fallen, and great has been the fall thereof; the twilight of the kings has deepened into night, and the dawn of universal democracy is already redefining the eastern sky with promises of the new day of the people; and the harbinger of the morning are shouting on all billboards and in all languages, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

## Hanging Between the Two.

Last summer the Hulman brothers, at Terre Haute, gave the Rose Polytechnic the grounds for the new school. The year before that they gave the land for Calvary cemetery. One of their townsmen recently met Herman, the younger brother, on his way to his farm, which is between the two pieces of ground above mentioned. "Well, Herman, he remarked smilingly, 'see you're solved that often disputed question of whether we should consider our cemeteries or seminaries of the more importance.'"

Mr. Hulman looked at him, and then his eyes twinkled. "Not exactly solved," he drawled. "You know where my farm is. Well, you see, I'm still hanging between the two."—Indianapolis News.

## Submarine in Warfare.

In spite of the fact that the British have some steam-driven 2,700-ton submarines, capable of a surface speed of from 20 to 25 knots, the submarine, as a weapon of war, is too slow and too blind when it is submerged to be considered a serious weapon of naval warfare. When it can see, electrically, to a distance of ten to fifteen miles, while it is submerged so deeply as to be invisible to the air scout, and when it can steam 20 knots submerged it will dominate the naval situation.—Scientific American.

## CHAS. BARRY AND COMPANY IN TOWN.

Barry's Bronze Baby Dolls is a new company in town having arrived last week and will occupy the boards at Park Theatre.

The company consists of six well known performers, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Barry, T. W. Sweet, monologist, Mr. and Mrs. John Lee and Miss Leona Washington.

Advance notice highly touts the attraction and bids for a strong place in the heart of Dallas' theatre goers.

W. C. BARNES, Moderator of Zion Rest M. E. Association.

## SANG REQUIEM OF THE HUN

How the Cannon Roared During the Glorious Offensive of the Forest of Argonne.

It was night in France and the great Argonne offensive was on.

The section chiefs grew hoarse shouting their commands, the gunner corporals manipulated their sights with speed and accuracy and the gun crews eagerly put forth superhuman effort in serving their pieces which were being loaded and fired as quickly as possible. The terrific detonations shook the forest which actually seemed like a live, throbbing, burning monster, who vomited fire and flame, and roared humanly with its terrible voice. Every man in the four gun crews was soon rendered temporarily deaf. Lit up by the ghastly flashes from the fire of their own guns, they looked like veritable devils, their faces gleaming with fiendish joy as they leaped into the pit to shift the gun trail or sprang to the wheels, at which they tugged and pulled with might and main. It was exceedingly tiresome work for them to pause occasionally in order to permit the intensely heated pieces to cool.

It presented a thrilling scene to see, in the dim light of the early dawn, a stalwart lad, bareheaded, eyes heavy and red from the burning powder gas, his square jaw grimly set and shirt open at the throat, his arms bare to the elbows and black with grease, standing out there, swabbing out the steaming gun with the slender rammer. A lanyard broke from too constant use on one of the guns. Not hesitating a moment to repair it, the "No. 1" man simply used his fingers to draw back the "striker." A lad fell limp and exhausted into the gun pit, but was quickly pulled out of danger, where he lay quite still and was undisturbed by the terrible barrage. Another man quickly took his comrade's place.

So the terrible fight continued. The great iron orchestra played its terrible symphony until ten o'clock in the morning, when the tired musicians began one by one, to lay aside their weary instruments, for the score they had been playing had sent the Fritzies scampering over the hills and far away.

## Where Foch Is Second.

Madame de Marchale Foch is commander in chief in her own home. She is said to be a French lady of quiet and calm determination where the order and regularity of her household are concerned. She dislikes being late for luncheon, and she dislikes the marshal being late for luncheon. Fortunately, the marshal dislikes it himself. On one occasion, when after the signing of the armistice Foch was engaged in prolonged conversation with allied representatives and the hour for luncheon had gone by, a message came into the conference room to say that Madame de Marchale could wait no longer for lunch. It may have been impatience on the part of Madame de Marchale, or perhaps Foch expected that message, according to a possible little prearranged stratagem between monsieur and madame. Needless to say that, in times of great pressure, madame makes no demur when the rules of her household are just simply ignored.

## Was Great Jap Soldier.

Gen. Baron Fukushima, although one of Japan's most notable military men, received but scant notice in the American press on the occasion of his death in Tokyo. He began life as a drummer boy, and in 1892-93 distinguished himself by a trip he made on horseback from Berlin to Vladivostok, through Russia, Siberia, Mongolia and Manchuria, a distance of 9,000 miles. From 1897 up to the time he started on this famous trip he had been military attaché in Berlin. General Fukushima was in command of the Japanese contingent in the war with China until the fall of Tientsin, and was general staff officer during the Boxer troubles. He was staff officer at headquarters of the Manchurian army in the Russo-Japanese war in 1904-05. At different times he represented his country in China, India, Egypt, Turkey, Persia, Caucasus, Arabia, Turkestan, Burma, Siam and Annam.

## Radio-Compass New Invention.

The naval communication service is perfecting a new and important invention called a "radio-compass." To illustrate its use: A ship, let us say, is 200 miles out at sea. Owing to persistent bad weather, her navigating officer has not been able for many days to get a sight of the sun. He has lost his bearings, and can only guess at his latitude and longitude.

But he has on board a radio-compass—an instrument otherwise called a "direction-finder." His wireless outfit enables him to receive messages from shore stations. The radio-compass gives him the directions of the stations from which these messages come. Thus he can locate the position of the ship with exactness, and the problem of navigation is safely solved.

## Their Surprising Way.

"It was never more disappointed in anybody in my life than I was in my cousin up to Kay See," admitted Gabe Gosnell of Grudge, who was just back from a visit to the Big Burg. "Why, with everything on earth going on and anything you could think of liable to happen at any moment, I'll be switched if they don't poke off to bed at between 9 and 10 o'clock every night of the world!"—Kansas City Star.

## Animals in War Service.

Animals on hand in the service of the war department November 2, 1918, were 113,725 cavalry and riding horses, 186,349 draft horses, 144,611 draft mules, 17,298 pack and riding mules, and 15,280 unclassified animals, making a total of 477,292 animals ready for use.

## ON LOFTY ARARAT

Beautiful Mountain Is a Long-Extinct Volcano.

It Has Been Scaled, and, Contrary to Tradition, No Proof That Noah's Ark Ever Landed There Could Be Discovers.

The recent appeal made by the newly established republic of Ararat for recognition by the United States will be better understood, at least geographically, when it is explained that the region in question is a province of Armenia.

It takes its name from the mountain on which the ark made a landing after the flood—Ararat meaning Noah's mountain.

The whole world, according to the Bible story, was submerged during the period of the Deluge and Ararat's topmost peak was the first dry land to appear above the waters, for the simple reason that it was the loftiest in Armenia, at all events.

As viewed today it gives a notion of the depth of the flood, inasmuch as the peak is more than three miles above sea level. It is dome-shaped, and its slopes for 9,000 feet from the top are covered with everlasting snow and great fields of glittering ice.

The climb down must have been rather difficult for Noah, his family and all the animals disembarked from the ark. As for an ascent to the top, it was formerly believed to be impossible. The Armenian monks declared that remains of the Noahian bark still existed on the summit, and that by reason of their sanctity a supernatural influence forbade approach.

Nevertheless, in September, 1829, a bold climber, Dr. Johann Parrot, succeeded in reaching the top of Ararat, and on coming down stated that he had found not even the keel of the ark up there. Since then the feat has been repeated by several other adventurous persons.

Ararat comes pretty near to being the most beautiful mountain in the world. It is a long-extinct volcano, standing almost isolated save for a lesser peak, called Little Ararat, which (really part of it) is a cone of exquisite symmetry—an ideal volcano of a type plainly recognizable as an ashpile formed about an eruptive chimney.

Below, in the valley of Araxes, was the Garden of Eden, according to Armenian tradition. At Marsand, in that neighborhood, was (so say the monks) the burial place of Noah's wife. At Arguri, a village near a great chasm that runs into the heart of the mountain, Noah planted the first vineyard.

## Turkish Promises.

The first of more than a hundred treaties wrung from Turkey by which the porte promised protection to the Christians within the boundaries of the Ottoman empire, was signed 145 years ago, at the instance of Russia. Not one of these hundred promises has ever been kept—which is sufficiently indicated by the fact that all the treaties cover practically the same points. Every time the European powers saved Turkey from dismemberment, the reigning sultan in his gratitude, solemnly promised that he would grant his Christian subjects in European Turkey liberty and equality before the law with Moslems. After France and England, at the tremendous cost of the Crimean war, had saved the Turks from the Russians, the sultan issued the famous Hattumathout of February 18, 1856, in which he swore by the beard of the prophet to give Christians full equality. The promise, like so many others, was but a "scrap of paper." Abdul Hamid on his accession to the throne, declared that he would make "no distinction of creed" and posed as the protector of the Christians and Jews, of whom probably more than a million were slain during his reign of 33 years.

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## FOR SALE.

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"I am through with the production of propaganda pictures," said Miss Lois Weber one day last week. "No more film sermons, no more sociological or moral lessons for me—at least, not for a while."

The tone of keen disappointment in her voice as she declared her intention of abandoning the work she had loved so well was unmistakable. She turned away from the big hand-carved desk and gazed pensively across the lawn of her studio to the corner where a flower garden in full bloom made a riot of color.

This is no time for sentimentalizing—the public needs entertainment now as never before," Miss Weber continued, "the people have more than enough serious things to think about, and from now on, instead of adding to their worries by pointing out unpleasant conditions that should be remedied, I shall do my level best to lighten their woes as far as it is in my power by producing photo-plays for amusement purposes only—pictures that will be strong enough in interest, I hope, to make them forget the stress and anguish of the day for an hour or two."

Her very latest production, "For

It is a purely amusement drama of "Husbands Only," is a case in point. amazing cleverness and will arouse in no one who sees it an ambition to champion a cause or uplift a down-trodden human being. It is pure entertainment, guaranteed 99.9-10 per cent pure, and in spite of its title, which was the original one on the magazine story from which it was adapted, no censor has been able to take exception to a single foot of it.

"For Husbands Only" will be shown at the High School Theatre in this city on Monday and Tuesday, March 31, and April 1, as a Jewel Production.

## S. M. JONES RETURNS FROM OVER SEAS.

Private S. M. Jones, one of the popular young men and a former business man, returned last week from Camp Bowie where he was honorably discharged from the National Army after having played his part "over there."

Mr. Jones returns well informed of the doings on the battle field and have in his possession a number of German trophies. He gave the Dallas Express representative a ring secured from one of his German captives as a souvenir and as a token of his respect for the great Dallas Express to which he has read with much emphasis.



Mrs. Garrett's Wonderful Hair Grower, guarantees to stop the hair from falling out, makes it grow beautiful, fluffy and black, also cures all scalp diseases. Agents wanted, Mrs. Katie Garrett, 2619 San Jacinto Street, Dallas, Texas, phone M. 4040

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